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ΚΑΙ ΠΕΡΙ ΤΩΝ ΝΟΥΣΩΝ

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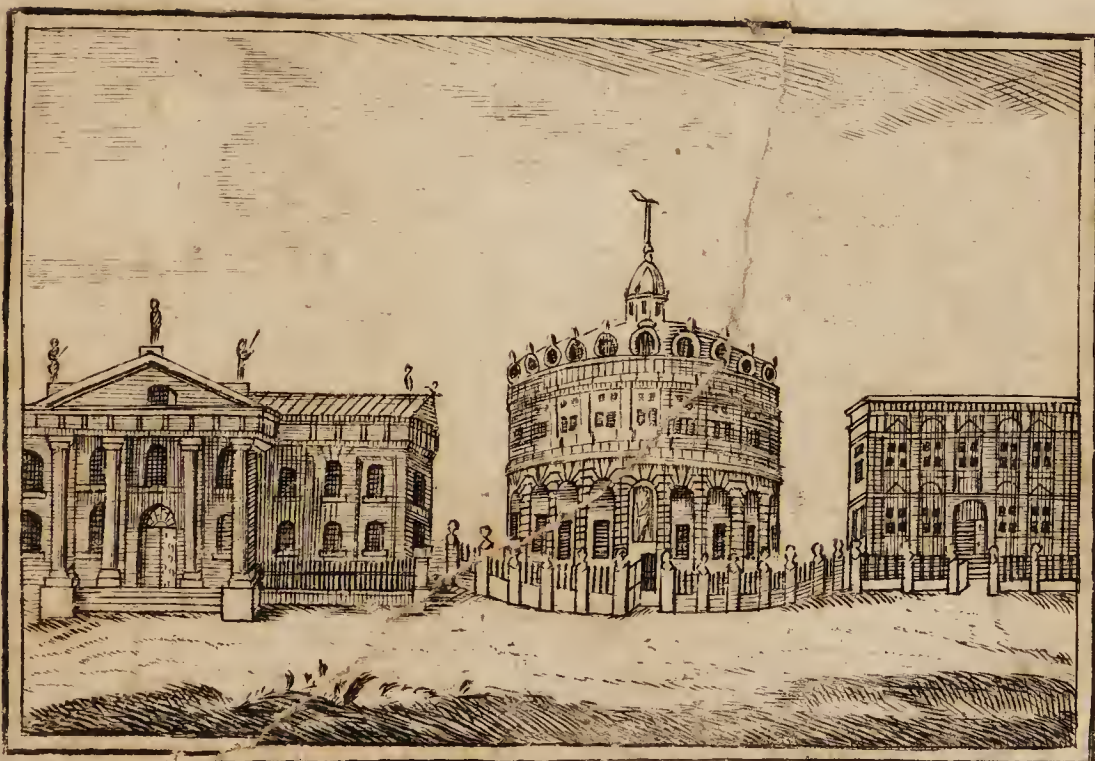
ΤΟΥ ΔΕΙΝΟΣ

ΝΟΣΟΥΝΤΟΣ

ΚΑΙ ΠΕΡΙ ΤΩΝ ΝΟΣΟΥΝΤΩΝ

ΜΕΛΕΤΗΜΑΤΑ.

*Sunt verba & voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, & magnam morbi deponere partem.*



W. Cole sculp. fecit.

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LECTORI S.

LIBET tecum, Lector benevole, paucis præ-
ludere. En tibi legenda exhibentur μελετη-
ματα, quæ quidem ó deus noster diversimode
scripsit, non tam de industria ingenii laudem quærens
aliquam, quam animo obsequens suo, & e prolusioni-
bus hujusmodi molestiarum levamen petens honestissi-
mum. Eodem plane affectu consilioque usus Editor
in lucem nunc prodire jubet; ita tamen ut rem
tibi nec ingratam nec inutilem facturus videatur.
Quid autem? quid ipso in limine moraris, & pro
consuetudine forsitan scriptoris anonymi nomen quæ-
ris? profecto, mi homo, curiosius id facis quam
causa postulat; quin ipsa potius scripta mecum re-
cognosce: siquidem in illis nihil homine ingenuo &
liberali vel etiam Theologo indignum compereris,
quid est quod & te Lectoris, & me Editoris officio
functum pœniteat?

Ego quidem in republica literaria civem me ver-
sari sentio ita animatum, ut quacunque in re pro-
desse me posse existimem, in ea libenter operam om-
nem impendam: atque adeo, M. T. Cicerone usus
autore, cum stili, qui est optimus & præstantissi-
mus dicendi effector & magister, in genere diverso
exercitationem continenter adhibendam præceperim,

id interim egi sedulo ut præceptis atque cohortationibus exemplorum quoque lumen quoddam accederet; & proinde ut scriptionum diversa linguis, dictione, metroque exemplaria, quæ in manus venerint suo quæque genere præstantissima, in medium prodirent scribentium usibus accommodata; & eo præcipue consilio, ut adolescentes literarum studiosi, tum subsidiis hisce instructi, tum etiam incitamentis provocati, ad honestam alienæ laudis æmulationem erigerentur, in eodem curriculo ingeniorum vires periclitarentur, & quas haud frustra admirantur, scriptiones imitando exprimere & exsuperare contenderent.

Atque utinam, qui ingenii & eruditionis fama florent maxime, iidem animo magis liberali rebus nostris succurrerent, nec, quæ in materie diversa præclare scripserint, ea nobis fastidiosè inviderent: sed potius in communem usum fructumque efferre non dubitarent, laudesque recognoscerent suas cum utilitate publica conjunctas. Interea vero hac in parte mihi laudanda videtur illa hominum nostrorum curiosa sedulitas, quæ avædota pleraque e scribentium latebris hinc & inde conquesta produxerit, & quidem permulta notæ melioris poemata, alioquin forsitan peritura, ab interitu vindicaverit. Hoc ipsum meditans cupiensque libellulum hunc lectioni commendo tuæ: an hac in parte opera fuerim abusus mea, disquisitione habita tu judex videris.

Quid

Quid enim? an rei novitas placet? an rariusculum quiddam & singulare requiris? haud sane eo nomine sua opusculo deerit commendatio. Vide enim ipsam Scriptionis occasionem, &, quæ aliquando scribenti insidebat, affectionem plane singularem. Ecquid ea rarius & inusitatius nosti? en, quod mireris, homo febre perustus, exsanguis, vigiliis, inedia, & medicinis prope enecatus, in hac rerum suarum trepidatione & discrimine ultimo intrepidus & tranquillus ita animo imperavit suo ut cogitationes turbidas in ordinem, & quidem metri vinculis astrictas componeret, &, in carcere suo Manl. Sever. Boethii mores & studia secutus, e philosophia malorum consolationem & remedia depromeret, musasque haud invitatus in subsidium & oblectamentum vocaret, ægritudines in carmina effunderet, atque adeo ipsis e doloribus dolorum lenimen quoddam placidissimum eliceret. Quidni hic cum Horatio exclamare libeat, O te, Bollane, cerebri felicem, qui cum insania tua neutiquam insanieris; cui in corpore morbido & moribundo mentis interea sanitas constiterit illæsa; qui etiam in asperitatibus rerum lusui haud illiberali vacare potueris, ita ut ingenii febricitantis æstus in furorem quendam poeticum ultro transfusus effluerit. De pathemate hujusmodi quid statui oportet haud facile dixeris: unde homini sic affecto tam rara contigit felicitas? Vobis præcipue, O Medici & Physiologi, qui sapientiæ

*cujusdam profundioris speciem verbis voltuque præ-
tenditis, problema hoc expediendum relinquimus.*

*Ne autem nugas tibi venditare videamur, ip-
sum opusculi hujusce Argumentum perpende : haud
leve quidem illud aut vulgare, sed arduum & cu-
ra severiore dignum ; quale tibi haud temere in-
cussert sollicitudinem nec injucundam nec infruc-
tuosam. Nempe tua res agitur, dum aliena descri-
bitur ; &, siquidem animo tuo aut humanitatis, aut
amicitiæ, aut pietatis sensus aliquis insederit, ad te
cognitionis quodam jure dolores translati redundant.*

*An porro Varietatis gratiam quæris ? hæc certe
in spatio brevi tibi exhibetur uberrima : vide enim
scriptionis colorem & figuram, non unam illam sim-
plicemque, sed pro re nata variam & multiformem,
permulta genere & specie discreta, Vernacula, La-
tina, Græca : en linguarum stili metricque diver-
sitatem, quæ saltem legenti tædium minuere, vel
forsan acumen criticum non frustra exercere po-
tuerit !*

*Quinetiam hoc mecum denique recognosce ; nem-
pe quam pauci in hoc scriptionis genere præclarum
aliquid effecerint : ex quo illius difficultas intelli-
gatur. Quid autem ? forte inquires : “ inest gran-
“ de dolori ingenium, & mira quædam sententia-
“ rum & verborum copia ; neque Scriptori facilior
“ & paratior ulla videtur laus quam in causa hu-
“ jusmodi, in qua difficile est omnino non scribere.*

—Itane

—Itane vero? at experiendo mecum una senties in qua re animus vehementius commovetur in ea quam difficile sit in scribendo modum tenere. Itaque ergo tam pauci id ipsum, in quo scriptiois vera laus continetur, attigerunt. Utrobique scilicet objicitur discrimen anceps, & peccandi periculum. Delicata quædam res est ægritudo; nihil mediocre nihil vulgare recipit patiturve: ipsa in taciturnitate nescio quid εμφορικωτατον spirat: aliquando etiam in querelas teneriores solvi gaudet, & lacrymas elicit Simonideas, πολυδακρυον ἄδοναν, flebile gaudium, tristitiamque dulcedine quadam temperatam. Equidem το παθηλικον, veluti totius animam, ubique dominari velim; nec minus interim stili castitatem & continentiam quandam servari: & profecto haud paulum interesse censeo, an ex animo omnia, ut fert natura, facias, an de industria. Dolor fictus & affectatus spiritu poetico ut plurimum destituitur, rerum evanida languet adumbratio, & nimium castigata friget descriptio. At vero altera ex parte Dolor genuinus plus æquo exuberare gestit latiusque se effundere & exultare, & in effrænem quandam verborum licentiam & luxuriam præcipitari. Inde adeo præcipue Elegorum scriptoribus hoc incommodi toties contigisse videmus, ut, in quo sibi placebant maxime, in eo lectoribus minus placerent; cum nempe affectibus suis plus tribuerint quam iudicio alieno, & plerumque minus nota pro notiori-

bus & domestica pro publicis & extra causam nimis multa male officiosi ingesserint: ipsa profecto dicendi copia inopes fecit & indisertos; ita ut in loquacitate tanta veræ interim eloquentiæ laus desideraretur. Quæ cum ita sint, qua in re difficile est non peccare, in ea leviter & non ultro peccanti venia facilior indulgeri debet. At vero siquid hac in parte ò deus noster feliciter assecutus fuerit, est profecto quod sibi gratuletur, & quicquid præter spem laudis obvenerit, id omne lucro apponat.

Hæc adeo præfanda duxi ne forte viderer tibi leviuscula in re operari temere collocasse; utque porro intelligeres siquidem ullatenus valeat argumenti ipsius dignitas, aut scribentis affectio singularis, aut denique scriptionum hujusmodi novitas, aut difficultas, aut etiam varietatis gratia, ex omni parte causas totidem occurrere, quæ opuscula hæc pro merito suo e scriniorum latebris in reipublicæ literariæ lucem evocarent.

Quinetiam rationes quædam privatæ & fortuitæ accesserunt quibus fateor me adductum ut hoc ipso tempore id fieri studiosius cuperem. Nuper enim rusticanti mihi cum recens doloris domestici vulnus recrudesceret, animusque ingrata sollicitudine totus occuparetur, haud sane incommode mihi μελετηματα hæc in manus venerunt: pro eo, qui tum erat, colore mentis, umbram & solitudinem potius quam solem & celebritatem quærentis, haud parum placebat

bat illa rerum tristissimarum concolor descriptio; placebat meditationum severitas tranquilla, & sententiarum pondus, tum etiam stili rythmorum varietate exultantis castigata luxuries. Videbar ego mihi cum ægrotantibus & afflictis haud illibenter versari, cognata sentire damna, & in doloris translatici societatem admitti; homo cum sim nihil humani à me alienum puto:

Sunt lacrymæ rerum & mentem mortalia tangunt.

Et quemadmodum tenebrarum, solitudinum, & periculorum in tabula descriptus horror sequaces trahit oculos, animumque affectu dubio suspensum ita conturbat & percellit, ut etiam recreet & oblectet, sic, quæ humanitus acciderint, rerum etiam luctuosarum historia ipsius humanitatis cognatione quadam devinctos tenet, & sensibus nostris atque judiciis se insinuat. Ut Pictura, Poesis quoque animum capit, & imaginum varietate amabiliter delusum ab omni molestiarum sensu ad tempus abducit. Mæstitiæ præsentis oblivionem inducit præteritorum haud insuavis recordatio: quæ perferre pigebat, mala eadem postmodo incolumes meminisse juvat; & tempestatem exhaustam multo jucundior subit tranquillitas.

Inest profecto curis severioribus dignitas quædam, quæ reverentiam conciliat, quæ ingenii temere lascivientis ineptias castigat, & rerum pondere ipso impresso locum sibi vendicat, & etiam invitis se commendat:

mendat : Ut in Musica, graviores toni non tam auribus illis adblandiuntur, quam interiores feriunt sensus, mentique animoque se ingerunt, & affectibus sedatis dominantur. Quid Tragedia? etiam, dum το ελεεινον και Φοβερον ingenerat, nonne itidem oblectamenti quiddam una admistum affert; nempe lacrymas tibi exprimit; sed eas, quas tu nullo fere pretio cohiberi velles. Quid porro MILTONII Penferoso? qualem tibi legenti sive tristitiam sive tranquillitatem obrepere docet, ita ut, uno quasi in obtutu defixus, aliquandiu te tibi surripi gaudeas, liberum & otiosum & sollicitudine placidissima perfusum huc illuc expatiari? Nempe ut laborum, ita & lusionum quotidianarum & gaudiorum tumultuantium aliquando satietas subit & fastidium: aliquando gestit animus conquiescere, è celebritate strepituque in otium & solitudinem, è sole & pulvere in umbram imo & tenebras recedere, sibi totus vacare, & secum una philosophari. Aliquando placet & subfuscus vitæ color, imo pene dixerim &, ille Morbus Anglicus, Melancholia; ea certe, quæ Miltoni carmine elegantissimo describitur, Matrona gestu composito decora, vestitu pullato venerabilis, aspectu non molli aut blandiente nec tetrico nec inamabili, sed placide severo, sed reverendo; Matrona, meretrici dispar atque discolor, ab impura levitate omni prorsus abhorrens: quam sequitur nocturna comes, philosophiæ nutrix, Meditatio, animique se-
ipsum

ipsum castigantis quasi in nodum collecta Cogitatio. Severitati huic tranquillæ propria quædam inest gratia & dulcedo, ipsâque è tristitia hujusmodi bene temperata, nescio quomodo, voluptas quædam delicata nascitur. Sylvas caligantes formidine demulcet Philomelæ cantus, attentam aurem animumque capiunt querelæ suavissimæ, noctique inamænæ miram affundunt amœnitatem: Haud aliter animo languenti Musa philosophica medicinam amabilem adhibet, efficitque ut horror omnis mitescat, & ipsæ ægritudines minus displiceant.

*Quamobrem desine mirari siquando æger animi & perturbatus in his Meditationibus defixus con-
quieverim, in illarum lectione ita versatus ut ex-
inde curarum levamen & solatia peterem, atque
adeo scribenti comes assistere viderer, illius in par-
tes tanquam Advocatus ultro transire, illius affec-
tus omnes ad me transferre profecto à re mea haud
alienos, cum illo una malorum quasi vestigia relege-
re, pristina renovare pericula,*

— Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

*Quid in Carthagine Æneas è naufragio hospes at-
tonitus? qualem illi affectum inesse dicas, dum pic-
turato in pariete*

*Defixus videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnans,
Se quoq; principibus permistum agnovit Achivis?
Scilicet animum pictura pascit inani, hoc medita-*

tionum pabulo refici se & recreari sentit, ita ut, qui jamdiu inveteraverant, dolores spectaculi recentis admiratio prorsus absorberet, & è præteritorum memoriâ instantium malorum consolatio quædam suboriretur. Quidni Ego itidem animum picturâ inani pascerem, & ex historiâ flebili aliquid excerpere, quod mihi usui fuerit vel oblectamento? quidni fraudem hanc bellissimam mihi ultro fieri patiar, & hoc mentis errore gaudeam gratissimo, qui mihi molestiarum sensum omnem fefellerit vel lenierit? Scitum profecto illud est ita philosophari posse, ut incommodis ex alienis imo & tuis aliqua compares commoda: quod ipsum mihi hâc in re ut contingat velim. Nollem certe, præter quæ res ipsa fert, alia insuper mala accersere; sed quæcunque humanitus acciderint ea patienter feram, aut arte corrigam; donec aut longa dies dolori callum obduxerit, aut novæ occupationes quædam interjectæ animum, quasi sui immemorem, à curis molestioribus avocarent. Non mærore vano me prosterni, aut otium mihi prorsus languere patiar: cogitationum pabula quædam generosa quæro, materiemque dignam, in qua mentis & ingenii vires exercitentur, ita ut studiis liberalibus occupatus animus sibi placeat lusu delectatus suo; atque adeo, quicquid habet miseriæ domesticæ, id omne aliorsum traducat ejiciatque, & tanquam ex peregrinatione aliquando tranquillior & hilarior ad se redeat.

Ab homine quidem Christiano unde certissima ægritudinum

*gritudinum siue remedia siue solatia hauriri possunt
& debent, experiundo sentiens mecum una intelliges,*

Εἰσιν δ' ἐπωδαὶ καὶ λόγοι θεληκτικοί·

Quid enim divina docent oracula? Ecquando animus tibi male se habet? ecquando dolorum aculei uehementius cruciant? quid restat? in Deo fiduciam repone omnem: huc animum aduerte totum; hinc tibi è tenebris lumen affulgebit, in re desperatâ salutis spes unica, vitæque demum vitalis gaudia. Num vere philosophari cupis? en sapientiæ cælestis dogmata & præcepta τὰ δωαμενα σοφισαυ εἰς ζωῶν αἰωνίων. Mortalis immortalitatem cogitationibus & desideriiis amplectere, fatisque contraria fata rependens corporis fragilitatem & ruinas discere minus perhorrescere. En ψυχῆς ἰατρειον, disciplinam salubrem certe, sed nec ingratham; quæ, humanâ sorte major & ingenio, corda subigit excutitque, ostendens tibi te, curarum lenit acerbitates, & te tibi reddit amicum.

En materiem, cui pro dignitate suâ verbis ornandæ non ipsa M. Tullii eloquentia suffecerit! Per multa quidem ab illo de philosophiâ suâ morali in Tusculanis præclare dicta accepimus: sed quanto verius & magnificentius eadem de sapientiæ nostræ cælestis laudibus prædicare potuisset? Vide quo te deduci velim, — ad id ipsum, quo nihil in votis studiisque prius potiusve posueris; quippe quo nihil ad felicitatem veram consequendam accommodatius.

Verum enimvero ex omnibus, quæ aliunde petuntur, hanc certe, quam Musa philosophica præstat, animi remissionem longe humanissimam & liberalissimam jure existimabis. Aliquam sane levationem requiemque ægritudo omnis desiderat: in querelas, gemitus, lacrymasque solvi impotentis est animi & mollitiæ plane muliebris: mala vero perferre, contemnere & superare posse est cujusdam sapientiæ singularis & fortitudinis; sed consilio regere & moderari, meditando lenire & consolari, atque adeo tristitiæ serenitatem quandam affundere — illud est præclarum quoddam Philosophiæ opus, non quidem illius jejunæ, subtilis & contentiosæ, quam apud Græcos veteres Sophistæ coluerunt, sed illius, quam Socrates è Scholis in vitam civilem, usumque reipublicæ communem traduxit: quam M. T. Cicero non sine exultatione quâdam vitæ ducem, morumque magistram agnovit: cujus ad bene beateque vivendum vis latissime patet, cum animorum motus omnes tranquillet, & ipsi fortunæ dominetur, casus etiam adversos corrigat, & è malis eliciat bona, vitæque demum tenorem & decursum æquabilem conservet; quemadmodum Ars Musica lenia cum severis, acuta cum gravibus temperans varios æquabiliter concentus efficit. En efficacem animi ægrotantis medicinam! huic disciplinæ te assuescere atque ita demum philosophari velim, ut verus aliquis sapientiæ fructus quæeratur cum ingenii laude conjunctus.

Quare cum M. T. Ciceronis mentio toties inciderit, video mihi occasionem haud incommode oblatam, ut, quod de operibus illius philosophicis magnifice sentio, id libenter prædicem; atque adeo juventuti præsertim Academicæ præ cæteris quibuscunque studio acri & constanti legenda imo & animis inserenda commendare non dubitem; non modo, quia ex iis & multa sapientiæ dogmata & ad mores regendos & conformandos præcepta saluberrima hauriri possunt, verum etiam quia hoc æquabile & temperatum dicendi genus absque offensione ullâ in obvios hominum sensus atque judicia incurrit, ad omnium captum usumque communem accommodatius, ac proinde faciliùs imitatione consequendum. Quam mira in eo philosophante cogitationum celeritas atque comprehensio, rerumque perceptarum perspicuitas & lucidus ordo? in promptu verba & sententiæ, quasi in medio positæ, quales ad quamlibet fere rem tuam aptissime transferas! Quin hoc age sedulo, ita ut lectiõni institutæ accedat insuper stili exercitatio nec infrequens nec indiligens: senties transfusam ultro insinuari dictioni novam quandam puritatem & elegantiam, atque adeo demum effici genuinum orationis Latinæ colorem & figuram. Vide id ipsum quod in scriptoribus hodiernis ut plurimum desidero; quod quidem desideratum hæc præcipue operâ corrigi vel suppleri velim. Hoc proinde consilio Ciceroniana hæc nostra præ cæteris studiosè legenda tibi commendamus: non oratoria quidem illa, quæ & laude &

ingenio

ingenio nostro majora imitationem omnem fulgore suo extinguunt obruuntque, sed philosophica, sed exemplar quoddam imitabile, sed quæ, ad mores usumque communem pertinentia, Ciceroni filio pater prudentissimus studiose legenda commendavit. De utrisque vero ipse auctor, quid sentiat sic mecum collige; nempe ut illa quidem sint splendida magis & magnifica, plus gloriæ & admirationis habitura, at hæc nostra plus sapientiæ & utilitatis, imo & quantum satis est, eloquentiæ.

Quare siquidem M. T. Ciceronem pro se & sua loquentem audire velis, non ad Forum, non ad Curiam, non ad Tribunalia te voco, ubi auribus attonitis clamor quidam obstrepit, ubi ad ambitionem, & ad aliena potius judicia componitur illa flexanima oratio; sed in ruris otium & solitudinem, in Tusculanum te comitem abduco. Juvabit ibi colloquiis interesse, quibus nihil fingi potest liberalius honestiusque; juvabit hominem audire doctissimum de rebus gravissimis graviter & distincte, cum dignitate simul & familiariter differentem, quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque, quod & ipse sentit, quod tibi placeat simul & profit. Oratori Romano laudem quanta quanta fuerit, minus invidemus; at eundem philosophum rusticantem, & sapientiæ magistrum, non admiramur modo, sed etiam ut amicum quendam & familiarem amamus.

Hic forsitan interpellans inquires, quorsum hoc de M. T. Cicerone *πεισοδιον*? horsum nempe, ut occasione quâvis oblatâ non frustra submonerem quæcunque

cunque juventuti literarum studiosæ usui fore existimarem; ut scribentibus hoc e penu deprompta aptior uberiorque tum sententiarum tum verborum copia & delectus adesset. — Verum enimvero quidni Ego hâc in parte animo obsequerer meo, & hoc studiorum genus testimonio meo qualicunque commendarem, in quo, per dies aliquot haud frustra versatus, ægritudinum quæ inciderant levationem quandam & solamen liberalissimum reppereram? & fortasse porro tibi ingratus & immemor benefici viderer qui Ciceronem philosophantem pro meritis non prædicarem, nec aliquid illi de suo rependerem, qui mihi hanc ipsam dicendi materiem & facultatem suppeditavit.

Video te jam ad finem properare, & quid, inquis, hoc rei est? ó δεῦρα ἄπει τὰ δεῦρα? — & quid porro de tantilla re tam multa? — Imo vero hoc id ipsum est quod volui: profecto & Scriptoris & Editoris anonymi causa est eadem; nec hujus nec illius gratia ulla aut autoritas — sed nec odium nec invidia; eam, quæ in nomine solo, quæ sentio quàm sit exigua, continetur, commendationem non quærimus — sed nec in offensiones incurrimus: res ipsa potius pro se loquatur. Interim, quam aliis sæpe præcipio, stili exercitationem nolui ipse defugere; quæ pro re natâ in mentem venerunt cogitationes calamo exaravi; libuit nempe tecum, lector benevole, paucis proludere: at sentio prolusiones nostras in latius excrevisse quàm instituti ratio postulavit, & eas fortasse identidem nimis juveniliter exultantes; facile veniam dabis siquid

nimis

nimio placendi studio fuerit peccatum. Scriptionum certe exempla in genere diverso rariora exhibentur; scitum est periculo sapere alieno, ita ut siquid laudabile videatur id ad te transferas, siquid vero secus, ut devites sedulo.

Interea τῷ θεῷ nostro hęc in parte mecum una gratiam habebis, quod aliqua saltem lectione tuā studioque dignissima indigitavit, cum aliorum quorundam poemata in subsidium citata sic laudaverit ut suis potiora recognoverit. Et sane nefas foret non ἔ illud etiam accensere nuperum de immortalitate Animæ vere Lucretianum sive potius Virgilianum poema, in quo sententiarum pondus, ἔ dictionis puritas, ἔ vis poetica reperitur tanta, quantum fere in cæteris quibuscunque hujusce ævi poetis frustra quæsieris: illud certe effecit, ut præclarum illum poetam Anti-Lucretianum tam ingenio quam dignitate eminentissimum Galliæ minime invideamus.

Postremo quod ad hęc μελετήματα attinet — nollem equidem ut tibi legenti placerent perinde ut mihi non ita pridem placuerunt; quia nollem animo accidere tuo ægritudinem illam, quæ potissimum hujusmodi lectionibus delinitur ἔ recreatur: ut tibi placeant tamen valde cupio: quod si fiat, τῷ θεῷ nostro, homini certe nec maligno nec illiberali, pro benevolentia tuâ favebis, hęc unà mecum vota concipiens, ut illi in posterum morbi contingant non nisi sanabiles, — non nisi quos ipse stilo describere valeat — vel potius, ut omnis deinceps similiter scribendi occasio præcidatur.

ΤΩ ΕΝ ΟΞΟΝΙΩ
ΠΑΝΤΩΝ ΑΝΤΑΞΙΩ ΑΛΛΩΝ
ΑΡΧΙΗΤΡΩ
ΡΙΧΑΡΔΩ ΦΡΕΥΙΝΩ
Ο ΔΕΙΝΑ
Ο ΑΝΩΝΥΜΟΣ
ΤΩ ΠΟΛΥΩΝΥΜΩ
Ευημεριαν και Ευθανασιαν.

ΟΙ ΜΕΝ ΕΛΛΗΝΕΣ ΕΠΙ ΤΟΥ ΑΙΣΚΛΗΠΙΣ ΝΑΟΥ
ΦΟΙΤΑΙΝ ΕΙΩΘΕΣΑΝ, ΟΙ ΤΕ ΝΟΣΕΟΝΤΕΣ, ΟΙ
ΤΕ ΤΩΝ ΝΟΣΩΝ ΑΠΑΛΛΑΓΕΝΤΕΣ· ΟΙ ΜΕΝ ΩΣ ΤΗΣ
ΙΝΤΕΙΧΗΣ ΔΕΘΟΜΕΝΟΙ, ΟΙ ΔΕ ΩΣ ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΕΥΧΑ-
ΕΙΣΗΣΟΝΤΕΣ· ΩΣΑΥΤΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΕΓΩ, Ο ΑΜΦΟΤΕ-
ΡΩΝ ΓΕ ΕΝΕΚΑ ΕΠΙ ΣΕ, Ω ΤΩΝ ΑΙΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΩΝ
ΠΡΟΣΒΙΣΕ, ΠΟΛΛΑΚΙ ΦΟΙΤΑΙΝ ΕΙΩΘΩΣ, ΕΝ ΤΩ

νυν τυχή σὺν αγαθῇ αὐδῆς παρρημί σοι,
καὶ τῶν παλαι μεμνημένῳ σωτηρίῳ,
καὶ χρεῖσθρα θυῶ, ἀνθ' ὧν εὐ ἐπαθόν
χρεῖν ἀνταποδίδοναί βελομένῳ ὡς καλ-
λίστα. Ποιὴν δὲ ταύτην λέγω; καὶ δὴ με-
γαλὴν νῆ Δία σοὶ οφείλω, εἴπερ τὸ νεσημα-
τῶν θανάσιμων ἰαθῆντα ὑγαινεῖν ποθῆνοτα-
τον τι χρῆμα παρ' ἀνθρώποισι νομίζεται·
τοιαῦτα ὑπο σου ὠφελήμενος εὐλογίην ταυ-
τῆν εἰκοτῶς ἀνακηρύττω.

Καὶ τοι γὰρ ἔ μόνον ἢ ἐκ φιλοφροσύνης
ἰδίας παρρησίας ἡμετέρη, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἢ τὰ συγγραμμάτων ὑποθέσεις τὰ σκοπεῖς ἐκ
ἐξαρτάνειν μοι δοκεῖ ορθῶς πρὸς ἀνδρα
τοιοῦνδε φερόμενη, τὸν ἐν τῇ ἠλεεινῇ εὐδοκί-
μῳτατον, τὸν τε καὶ ἀπολογεῖν ἅμα καὶ
θεραπεύειν ἐπιστάμενον· ορθὰ γὰρ ὡς ἐκ τὰ
παροισκόντῳ ἐπὶ σε παρρησίῳ τὰ ἡμετε-
ρα παρρησιάζεται.

Καὶ

Και εγω μεν τῆσδ', ὅτι καλοῖς κ' ἀγα-
θοῖς ἀνδρασιν ἴδισιν ἀκροαμα νομιζεται,
ἐν τῷ παρόντι ἴδεως ἀν ἐπαδοίω· ἀλλὰ
πῶς ἀνδρα τοιούτου οὐτά κατ' ἀξίαν τις
ἐπαινοῖ' αὐ; ἔ μιν ἐγωγε ῥητορικῶς σεμι-
νολῶν, ἀλλ' ἐργῶ μαλλον ἀνίχαιζομε-
νῶ, καὶ αὐτ' ἐπαινῶν εὐκτηρία προσφε-
ρῶν φιλοφρονεῖσάτα· Τοιγαροῦν, κατὰ το
Ἰπποκράτειον ἐκεῖνο, τὸν τ' Αἰσκληπιόν, καὶ
Υγίαν, καὶ Πανάκειαν ἀφ' ἀμαρτυρομένων
ἐπικαλεῶ, ἀμὰ δὲ ἐπισπενδῶν ὡδ' εὐχρημα·
“ὦ θεοὶ ἀλεξικάκοι, ἀφ' ἄσωζετε ἡμῖν τῆ-
“τονι τὸν ἀρχιῆρον ἀνδρα εἰς τὸ τῶν καμ-
“νοντων κοινῶφελος· καὶ εἴη αὐτῷ ἀπαυ-
“ραδαὶ καὶ βίου καὶ τέχνης δόξαζομένῳ
“ὡδ' ἀ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποισιν εἰς τὸν αἰὲν χρό-
“νον.”

Τὸ Δεινὸν

Ν Ο Σ Ο Υ Ν Τ Ο Σ

Καὶ τῶν νοσούντων

Μ Ε Λ Ε Τ Η Μ Α Τ Α.

Πρὸς τὸν ἐν τοῖς μαθηταῖς παιδὶ φίλτατον ὃς πυρεταίνοντι μοι
ὑπηρετῶν παρῆσθι.

ΘΩΜΥΛΑ, παιδῶν πολὺ φίλτατ' ἀλλῶν,
Δύρο μοι θελγέτρα φέρων νοσούντι·
Καὶ λυραν, παῖ, κρῆε, καὶ βασιπὶ μῶς
Τερψίν ἰαλλεῖ·

Εἴγε πῶς ψυχῆς μοι ἀναξιφορμιγῆς.

Μῆσαι κοιμῶν δυσανεκτὸν ἀλγος·

Ἄλλα τι χραισμεῖ μελιγῆρυς ὕμνος

Οὐατὶ κωφῶ;

Παννυχὸς πᾶν ἡμᾶρ ὅλος πυρετῆω,

Ὅσθα φερίθει, λελυτᾶν δὲ νύκτα,

Χρῶς πυριπνεῖει, πᾶσι δ' αὖ δυσωδῆς

Εἰβέταῖ ἰδρῶς.

Ἀναχέο, ψυχῆ, βραδείως ἰσσαν

Νυκτᾶ, φεῦ ποίων ὀδύων γεμισσάν,

Ὀφρα, δυαθυμῶν καὶ αἰωρονυκτός,

Οἰοθῆν οἶος,

Α

Τηκομαί·

Τηκομαι κοιλω δε μοι ωτε βομβω
 Πυκνα θρυλλειτον· περι δ' αιμα θερμον
 Αλλετα· τις μοι κεφαλαλγεοντι

Λοιπον αμυωι ;

Αλλ' εμω μαλλον θεοι εσε παιδι
 Ιλεω, χαιροντα τε Θωμυλαν μοι
 Σωζετ', αλλ' αυτω, οσα μοι φθονειτε,
 Τερπν' επιδοσθε.

Αψλ' Μενιχ. φθιν. εχαλ.

Ταυτη τη ημερα οι παρ ημιν Κωλληγαρχα, εν τη
 επι τω Ριχαρδω τω Ουιντωνιω δικαστη ητηθεντες δικη,
 οικονδε κρατηλθον· ενταυθα ο δεινα, ως τοδ' ειχε, πυ-
 ρετηων, και περι τς παιδς μελετων, μεσονυκταις εν
 ωραις ταδ' αμετρα μετρα ερραφωδιση.

Ω χρυσοπτερυγων, μεγας θρανε, δωτερ ονειρων·

Τι τστο μοι, τ' ενυπνιοις εφιζανον,

Ειδωλον αμφιβαινει ως γερασμιον ;

Ποθεν μολον μοι προς λεχος ηρεμα

Σεμνον προσωπον τστο παρισταται,

Θεοσδοτω παμφαινον αιγλη,

Αμβροστην ανα νυκτος ορφνην ;

Τις ετος εσι μοι σεβασμιος Γερων ;

Ιεροπρεπεσ δεμασ ποδηνεκει εσλη

Λύκοχροω ἠοδημένος, καδδ' αὐ καρῆ
 Δεδήμενος τιαρὰ τετραγωνίῳ,
 Φρεδῶν τε κυκλῆς ομμάτων τυφλόμενος,
 Ἀλαω πρῶτεινων χεῖρε, καὶ βακτηρίῳ
 Ἐπισφάλλῃ ποδῶν δίδυμων βασιν,
 Τίς ἔτος ἐστὶ μοι σεβασμῖος Γερῶν;
 Μελισσοφόρος ἔτος ἐστ' ὁ ΦΩΞΙΟΣ.
 Ω πολλὰ χαιρε, ποτνὶ οἰκοδεσποτῶτα,
 Ὡς ασμενῶς ἴρον σεβομαι κάρη!
 Ἀλλ', ὦ μακαρ, τίφθ' ὠδ' ἀπο δωματων
 Ἐλθῶν Ὀλυμπε νῦν τήνγε
 Ἀμφὶ Μελισσοπολιν βεβηκας;
 Ἡ παιδας οἰκτερῶν ἐπαιλῖα δίκη
 Ὑπερβίως παρ' ἀξίαν ἠτῶμενυς;
 Ἡ ἴνα ὕβριν ἰδῆς Οὐίλλεσσοιο ἀνακτος,
 Ὅς σεο θεσμοθετῆς πολυ φερτερος εὐχεταί εἶναι,
 Ἡς ὑπερνορεῖσι παρ' αἰσαν πάντα δίκων;
 Ὁ δ' αὐ πρῶτωπῶ σεμνος εἶπεν ἤσυχῶ,
 " Ω παῖδες, οντες μὴ κακοι, πρῶως κακα
 " Ἀνεχετ', ἐφ' ὑμῖν τοδὲ γαρ, ὡς σοφὸς πρεπεί
 " Κακῶς δὲ παρχειν ἐξ ἀναγκῆς ἐρχεῖ).
 " Νικᾷ δ' ὅς αὐτῶ μὴ συνοιδε Φαῦλος ὦν
 " Ἀλωσεταί δὲ πᾶς ἐφύβριζων κριτῆς
 " Χρηστῶ μὲν ἐν πειθεσθε μοι δικασπολῶ
 " Θεμῖς παρεδρος ὑμῖν τῶν βεβδύματων
 " Ἐς τέλος ἐξελθῆσα Δίκη δ' ὑπερ ὕβριος ἰχαι.

ΠΡΟΣ ΥΓΙΕΙΑΝ.

Μακαρων μακαρτατη Θεα,
 Ανθρωπινε τερψις βιη,
 Υγεια, πολυ πολυ
 Χρονον ηδη σ' επιποθω,
 Και τηχομαι ματαιως προσδοκων.

Αλλ' ελθε νυν, ω Φιλτατη,
 Απ' αλσεος Περσις
 Φερσ' αμπαυμα νοσενι.
 Ομη δ' εταιρων ελθοι χοροθ,
 Ελθοι δε και Φιλοφρων Ήουχια,
 Και μακρα βιβαν Σθενος,
 Γελως τε Φαιδρω γαιων ομματι,
 Θαλερων τ' ερυθρημα γενειων,
 Χαριτων τ' επιλαμπετω εισαρ.

Μετα σε, πρεσβιζα μακαρων,
 Το λοιπον ναιοιμι βιη.
 Το γαρ ζω τι γ' εστιν; ε πνεειν,
 Αλλ' υγαινειν, και χαιρειν αιμα.

Το Σχετλιακικόν.

ὼ ἡμάρ! ὦ ποσημάρ!
 Μία νύξ! ποσον το νυκτων!
 Ἀμα νυκτες ἡμεραι τε,
 Ἀνερασταῖ ὡς εμοιγε,
 Φθινυθουσιν ισμοιροι·
 Ἀμα Φως σκοτος θ' ὁμοιον.

Ἰπο Πηλιξ καὶ Οἰσῆς
 Κατακειμαι ἡμιφλεκτος·
 Τίς ἀπ' ὄσεων λυθεντων
 Ἀφελοι το δεινον αλγος;
 Ὁ δὲ τηκεται μοι αιων,
 Τα τε νδρ' ἀνδρα ναρκοι,
 Δεμας ολλυται μαρανθεν·
 Ἀμα καὶ Φρενες νοσσοι.

Το δὲ μοι ταρατῆον ὑπνός,
 Πολυ δειμα νυκτιπλαγκτον
 Λεχος ἀμφι καὶ καρηνον
 Μελανοπτερον ποταται.

Το κωων δ' αωρονυκτων
 Ολολυζον ἀμβοαμα
 Στυγα πασαν θασιν μοι
 Ἐπανηγεν ἐμβρεμεσαν.

Ἄγε, Φιλτάτ', εἰ Φιλεῖς με,
 Κωας αἶρε τῆμον αλγος·

Υγιων τε και νοσωντων
 Το δ' ολεθριον μελημα,
 Ακαδημικων τ' ονειδος,
 Κυνας αιρε τ' εμον αλγος.

Το Νυθησκον Δα. παραδειγματῶ.

Τι παθων ποτ' η τι ρεζους
 Αμεριμνος ησυχωμι ;
 Οτε ταυτα μεμψιμοιρῶ
 Ανεμωλεως εβαζον,
 Τοτε Κελευσιος ηλθε
 Χαριεστατος λυρωδων
 Αμα δ' ειπε μειδιασας.

“ Τι ματην σεαυτον αλγεις ;

“ Ποτε τις βροτος πεφυκως

“ Τις ανευ κακων ποτ' εζη ;

“ Σοφος ων το χειρον. οιδεν

“ Επι βελιον κατορθεν

“ Το δ' οπως τυχοις διδαξω.

“ Βλεπε τιν μελωδον ορνιν,

“ Πολ' ελευθεριω, το νυνδε

“ Δολιω σχεθεισαν οικω

“ Αμα νιν βλεπων μαθοιο

“ Παραδειγμα πρῶτητῶ,

“ Παραμυθιαν τ' ανιων.

Carceris impatiens furit indignata volucris
 Ignoti circum pellucida mænia tecti :
 Obstrepit assurgens, & rostro sævit inermi,

Sauciaque

Sauciaque adversis affligit pectora clathris ;
 Ungue tenax hæret plaufasque reverberat alas,
 Summa ferit, ferit ima, fugamque per omnia quærit.
 Heu nihil ista juvant ! animi tum victa quiescit ;
 Et fruitura malis iterat miserabile carmen,
 Multa gemens libertatem sublataque ruris
 Gaudia ; dulcisonans querimonia temperat iras :
 Servitio sensim consuefcit mitior hospes,
 Suaviter exhaustos cantu solante labores.

Πρὸς ἑμαυτον.

Ποθεν αν ποθεν τις εὔροι
 Αναπαυσιν ; ω βεβαιως
 Ανεχς το λοιπον αλγων,
 Φιλον ήτορ ή δε μοιρα
 Τελεσει θεοιο βελην.

Cum sextâ vice secaretur vena.

Ecquis erit modus? O miserere jacentis, Iesu,
 In nostro mors est sanguine, vita tuo.

Το Ευκπηγον.

Μετα δακρυων γωντε
 Μετα Πισεως Δεξς τε
 Επι σε βλεπων θ' ἑμαυτον
 Ικετης, αλιτρεος, αυτο —
 κατακριτος ισαμγη Φευ
 Τι ποτ' ειπω ; ω Ιησς,

Επι σοι γ' ολωσ' ἔπεισθαι·
 Ἐλεησον ὦ Ἰησὺ.

Εἰς ταῦτα τὰ τε Πινδαρος.

Ἐπαμεροί· τι δὲ τις; τι δ' ἔτις;

Τι τις ἐστὶ; καὶ τι δ' ἔτις;

Ὄναρ ὡς σκίας ἅπαντα·

Αἰ, ἐφημερον γενεθλον,

βροτοὶ οὐλυμεῖσθ' αὖ ζῶντες·

Κενα πάντα κ' ἀβεβαία.

Ἐπι κύμα κύμ' ἔπεισι·

Χρονὸς οἰχέται διαρρῶν·

Ἐὰρ ἦλθε, καὶ παρηλθε·

Δεχέται τὸ γῆρας ἦθ' ἦν·

Βιοτὸν δ' ἀπροσδοκῆτος

Θάνατος φθάνει διεργῶν.

Ὅτε δ' ἔρανος φαεινὴ

Θεοθεν κατήλθεν αἰγλή,

Τότε μελιχὸς μοι αἰὼν,

Τότε μοι βίος βιωτός·

βροτοὶ ὄντες ἔδ' ἐν ἐσμεν·

Θεὸς ἰλέως μοι εἴη

Ἐπαρωγὸς ἀδέναντι!

Περὶ τὰς ἰατρὰς.

Δότε μοι πικρὸν, ἰατροί,

Δότε μοι τὸ φίλτρον ὑπὸν·

Βαθύν ὑπνον ὡς καθύδω
 Απαθής δέμας Φρένας τε.
 Αφείτ' ὠδὲ κείμενον με,
 Κεφαλαλγέες μεριμναί.
 Θέλω ἡσυχῶς καθύδω.
 Το γὰρ ἡδόνων κραίστον
 Απολωλεν ὡς ἐμοίγε·
 Μονον ἡδύ μοι το λοιπόν
 Το λελήθοτῶς διαίταν.

ὦ τ' ἀπαθές καὶ ἀναισθητόν! μακαρίζομεν ὑμᾶς,
 Νηπιοί, οἱ κεδνή πῶδρα μητέρι νηδυμον ὑπνον
 Ευδόντες κνυζατέ, τεταρπομένοι Φίλον ἥτορ·
 Ἄλλα μοι αὐτοματῆ φερέται φρέω ἀλλοπερσαίλλος,
 φροντισί κυμαινέσαι, καὶ ομματος ὑπνον ἀπειργεῖ·
 Οὐδ' ἀρα θαλπωρῆ κακῆ εἰσέεται· ἀλλὰ συγ' ἰοδί
 Ἰλεός, ὦ ψυχῶν ἰατρὲ, καὶ ἀλγός ἀμύσσει.

Παρωδική
 Περὶ Σιτισσεως.

Πάντα Γρυηλ, καὶ πάντῃ Σαγῶ, καὶ πάντα Πανάδω.

Δύπερα φροντίδες σφωτέραι.

Sept. 13.

Nunc melius dormire puto quam scribere versus.

Τῆ φιλάτῃ γυναικῶν Φ. . Β. . ὡς αὐτὴ ἀποθανεμένη ὁ ἀνὴρ πα-
ραταῖς καὶ ἐποδύρομενος μελέηματα τοιαυτὰ ἐμελέησε.

Οἰμοὶ! πὶ ποτ' εἰποιμ' αἶψα ὁ δυσμορὸς; ἔρρει τὰ
πράγματα· ἤδη γὰρ μοι τὸ Φάνιδιον, φιλάτον χάρα,
ἀποθνήσκει. Παραλυσίς, ἣν καλοῦσιν, ἀφνιδίως ἐπι-
πεσούσα πληγὴ ἀπλῶς θανατηφόρος, καθάπερ θεονο-
θεύ, κατεπλήξε ψυχίῳ βέλει διαμπερῶς μεσθὴν διαί-
μισασσα, καὶ πάντελως ἐξενευρίσεν. — Οἱ μοὶ τὸ ἀ-
προσδοκῆτα πάθος! Καγὼ μὲν πεμπταίος ἤδη παρι-
σταμαι, κειμένην παρὰ φυλάτῃ καὶ θεραπεύων, ἕκαστων
αὐτοπίης, αὐταγγελῆ, καὶ δὴ τῆ ἰατρονομίᾳ τὰ τῶν
συμφορῶν δυσχερέστατα πορῶν ἤδη τὸ ροχαλαβῶν. Φευ!
φευ! ἴδ' ἔτι τοὺς το νευροσπάτον, ὡς ἀπλῶς ἀνευρον, τὸ
σωματίδιον ἀλαλελυμένον --- ψυχὴν ἀψυχὸν --- πνεύσαν,
ἀλλ' ὁμως ἀποθανεμένην. Τοιαυτὴν εἰσορῶν ἐγὼ πῶς οὐκ
ἀχθοίμην αἶψα καὶ τὸ οἰκτεῖον πάθος, ἀμὰ καὶ τὸ κοινὸν τὸ
ἀνθρώπινον γένος ἀποδύρομενος; ἐπισημῶς δὲ ἐπισημῶς τὸ
Πινδαρικὸν τῆτο γέ

Ἐπαμεροὶ· τί δὲ τίς; τί δ' ἔτις

Σκιάς ὄναρ ἀνθρώποι. . .

Ἐπισημῶς δὲ καὶ τὸ χρεῖκον Σοφοκλεῖον τῆτο γέ

Ὡ γενεαὶ βροτῶν, ὡς ὑμᾶς ἴσα καὶ τὸ μηδὲν
ζώσας ἐναριθμῶ;

Καὶ

Και μὴν ἐπὶ σοι, ὦ Φανίδιον, πῶς ἔκ ανιωμῆν ἀν ὡς ἀπαλώματα, μεμνημένῳ των βεβιωμένων, καὶ ἔχαστα, ἀπερ χαιριεσται πῶς σοι ἐνήν, μαζαίως ἡδὴ ἐπιποθῶν; Φευ! φευ! πῶι κεν ὠχετο σοι τὸ φαιδρον καὶ τὸ φιλομειδῆς των ομμάτων; --- τὸ ἐλύθειον καὶ τὸ γενναιον των τροπῶν; --- τὸ φιλοκαλον καὶ τὸ φιλόμιμον τῶ οχηματός; --- τὸ δειμν τῆς ἀλχηνοιας --- τὸ γλαφυρον τῆς εὐεπειας καὶ τὸ ψυχαγωγικον; --- καὶ ὡς τὰ ἀπορρήτα των χαιριτων μωρα ὅσα; ---

Ἀλλὰ σε οὐδὲν οὐδαμῶς αἰσθανομένῳ οὐδὲν συνειδῶν πρῶσφωνῶ, θεραπειῶν, ἐπὶ βχρημα. Καὶ τοι γέ ὅπως τὰς φρένας διακειμα ἔκ ἐχῶ σαφῶς εἰπειν· χαιρινον δηλαδὴ παθημα πεπονθεναι δοκῶ· καὶ γὰρ αὐτικῶς ἐγῶ, ὁ χαλκέντερος ἔτος, ὑπερφύως μαλακίζομαι, ἐπὶ θεαματι τῶ τῶ ἐλεεινοτάτῳ διατηχομένῳ γυναικειῶς πῶς δακρυχῶ, καὶ τῶ μεγαλοψυχῶν ἀτεχνῶς διαλυομαι· καὶ, ὡς ἔπος εἰπειν, αὐτος στωιδέναι μοι δοκῶ ὡσει μέρος στωαποθνησκων, κ' αὐτος ἡμιπληκτῶ, ἅμα καὶ παραλελυμένῳ, ἀτε τῆς ὁμοπλευρῶς φιλτατῆς ἀπετερημένῳ. Ἀλλ' ἐν τῶ γέ εὐδαιμονίζω σε τῆς ἀπαθιας καὶ τῆς ἀναιαθησιας, ἐπει ἐγῶ γέ ἐν τῶ παροντι τῶ ψυχῆν διακειμα ὡς ἀηδῆσαι, φρονιδῶν κερτομιῶν βελεὶ ὡς διανταῶ τετρωμένῳ.

Τῆδε τῆ ἡμερᾶ, ὡς φασιν, οἱ ἐν τῶ Λωνιδῶν Ἰατροί, ὡς εἶκος, τῶ ἀγῶλατῶ Λαχᾶ μεμνημένοι, εορτῆν πανηγελικῆν εορταζουσι· καὶ παρ' αὐτοῖς κατὰ τὸ νομιζόμενον

ζομενον Ρητωρ τις αναξας την ιατρικην επισημιωντων εγ-
 κωμιαζει· — Αλλα σε, ω φιλατι, ταυτ' υδεν ωφελει·
 — αγι' Ιατροι, αγετ' αλεξικακοι, ει ποτιμον τι, —
 ειπου και επιπασον τι ωφελουη· παν οτιουν μηχανατε·
 αλλ' υ των δ' οφελου υδεν· και γαρ πασα η Ιατρικη
 υδεν εξερταζειται αλλο, η ψευδεις ελπιδας, υπνον αυπνον,
 και βιον αδιωλον· συ δ' αυ μελαξυ κοιμωμενη αποθνησκεις·
 Της γαρ τεχνης κρεισων η μοιρα· επει μεν υν τα ανθρωπι-
 να ελλειπει παντα, ιλεως σοι ετω ο των ψυχων πανιαίρος.

Καγω μεν ταυτ' εισορων σωφρονιζομαι ως αλιθεστα-
 τα, και υκ εικη φιλοσοφει μοι δοκω περ τε θανατου
 μελετων· το γαρ τελου σκοπειν ανδρου εστι φρονιμου
 και φιλοσοφου, αλλως τε και μαλα γε χειριανου οντος,
 ετω τον βιον διαβιν, ωτε καθ' ημεραν αποθνησκειν. Το
 λοιπον ες αι σωοιδα μοι θνητουων, αλλα και αθα-
 νατου, τον εις το μετεπειτα αιωνα βιωσομενου αιεν-
 ναον· και, ωρτα θεια αποβλεπων, υδ' επι τοις
 δυσχερεσταυις υδεν δυσχεραινω, αλλ' ωδε πως ενθυμωμαι,
 ω Πατερ, ο εν τοις υρανοις, γενεθητω το θελημα σου!
 Τοιγαρων περ των παροντων ετω την γνωμην διαπιθεμαι
 ως πεπεισομενου παντα ποτε επι το βελπιον σωοισειν·
 και μην ανθρωποπαθως επι τη συμφορα εικοτως αν ο-
 δυρομαι “ και λυπημαι σφοδρα· αλλ' υ καθως οι μη
 “ εχοντες ελπιδα, των γαρ εν χειρω κεκοιμημενων α-
 “ ναξασιν πιγυνω και ωροδοκω.”

Ad S. W.

Febricitantis Epistola.

TU monitor veri præfagus: — at o Ego lævus!
 Heu scio nunc diræ febris adeste vices!

Ilicet hesternas gressu fallente per umbras

Perculit obrepens frigus inerme caput.

Ah, male credula mens, prælibans omne futurum,

Da promissa mihi gaudia, pelle metus!

Nempe magis fano lux crastina reddet amicos!

Cras ego dum vivam, nunc periisse juvat.

O Cras! quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque dolores

Innocui liceat fallere fraude joci?

Alloquiisque frui reverendo de grege fratrum,

Multa super Decimis quærere, multa queri?

— Hei mihi cur gelidus coit ad præcordia sanguis?

Quis luxata recens concutit ossa pavor?

Labra tremunt, rigidamque cutem novus occupat horror;

Ætna mihi flammæ, & parit Ætna gelu;

Horreo & accendor; requiem non lectulus affert,

Sed querulus tristes increpat usque moras.

O latus! ô creber mihi spiritus ilia ducens!

Proh cerebri qualis sævit in arce furor?

Quæ mihi jam vigiles perturbant somnia sensus?

Monstra parit febris me mihi surripiens.

Mille meum lethi corpus violabile telis

Sentio: — at ô medicam quis mihi præstat opem?

Tu, modo jejunæ nutrix animosa salutis,

Tu, BUCKLANDA, vale, jam placitura minus.

O frustra laudata salubris gratia campi!

Heu spirare mihi sola venena datur!

O tectum fragili congestum stramine, morbi,

Te, nisi pauperiem, rebar habere nihil.

O frustra dilecte mihi, decus hortule veris,

Nulla viret Domini quæ levet herba malum?

Ah magis atque magis dolor ingruit! — at tibi musa

Haud sterili voto dicit, Amice, vale.

Sic positum affati discedite Corpus.

Nescio qua præter solitum formidine lethi

Horrescit refugitque animus; tua sensibus imis

Sic hæret, miserande puer, morientis imago.

Quæ te cunque premunt propiora pericula, trado

Ipse mihi timido spectator tristis ocello.

Me pia fraterni spes irrita tangit amoris,

Officiosaque sedulitas & inanis opella

Sollicitæ nutricis, & ipsa silentia terrent.

Ah tecum diræ posuere cubilia curæ,

Et gelidus pavor, & demisso vertice languor,

Et queruli gemitus, & plurima mortis imago!

Quo risus tener, & quæ plurima lufit, ocelli

Gratia dulce micans, quo pulchris suada labellis

Et lepidi fugere sales? & quicquid amores
Inspirans animum varia dulcedine mulsit?

O tristes experte vices! nunc pallidus horror
Obruit extinctum dejecto lumine vultum:
Nunc vox in mediis conatibus ægra fatiscit,
Aversumque caput lassæ cervice recumbit;
Nunc pressum male pectus iniquo pondere contra
Subfilit obluētans, dum spissus & ilia ducens
Singultim trepido prorumpit anhelitus ore.
Interea refugus coit ad præcordia sanguis,
Laxaque inæquali trepidans arteria pulsu
Instantis fati prænuntia denotat ictum.

O quis labenti præsens succurrere vitæ
Præstet opem? frustra circum famulantur Amici,
Triste ministerium! atque animis atque arte magistra
Inclytus HIPPOCRATES studio se jactat inani
Omnia prospiciens, seu docto pollice venam
Explorat, gelidifve infundit pocula labris.
Ah te fata trahunt, atque immedicabile vulnus
Inaus agens peredit lethali tabe medullas!
Nec pietas, nec vota juvant, artesque medendi.

Sic, ubi languidulo Vestalis flamma labascit
Lumine, & extremum vibrat moritura calorem,
Virgo, fusa super tepidamque amplexa favillam,
Ore fovet, flammamque invitat anhela sequacem,
Et languenti animos inspirat; at illa vacillans
Incertum quatit ægra jubar, labefactaque sensim
Deficit, & tenues evanida cedit in auras.

Ad J. H.

Febricitantis Epistola.

Ecquid, Amice, novi si quæras : — Ille Ego fortis,
 Siqua fides, pereo. Morbi quæ caûsa modusque
 Hoc tibi Pharmacopola, aut grandiloquus *Vice-Princeps*,
 (Ille viæ comes assiduus sociusque laborum)
 Interpres vehemens digito inculcante docebit :
 Quin Ego pauca tamen calamo currente, notabo.

Nescio quid tristis dudum præfaga mali mens
 Urbis inurbanæ fumosa relinquere tecta
 Jufferat ; at nugæ mihi mille, negotia mille
 Ingratas peperere moras. Tum denique posco
 Æger equum, cupide discedens, haud sine votis,
 O quis me placida R H E D Y C I N Æ sistet in umbra
 Ultra Urbis populique vias, strepitumque rotarum ?
 Sed reditum mihi fata negant ; heu quintus ab urbe
 Digresso mihi claudit iter lapis imperfectum,
 Hospitaque effætum recipit P U T N E I A cadaver.

Jam lateri dolor & capiti stupor infidet altus,
 Et tractim membris obrepit frigidus horror,
 Atque oculos hebetat dubiæ caliginis umbra ;
 Mox ubi discussæ tenebræ & lux reddita menti est
 Proh quantus cum luce maligna pertigit artus
 Febrilis calor, & liquefacta per ossa cucurrit ?

Jam dubio fervens arteria subfilit æstu :

Oh furiale malum dominatur in arce cerebri !

En Medicafter adest cum Carnificum comitatu,

Præfago mire sapiens dignoscere tactu

Abdita morborum, sapiens non visa videre ;

Explorante sagax oculo vultuque minaci,

Et quassans caput “ edisti nimis atque bibisti :

“ Tempus adire tibi medio sub sole cubile.

“ Eia age, quis mecum incisus emittere venis

“ Apparat ardentem turbato flumine pestem ?

“ Pocula quis miscet restinguens ignibus ignes,

“ Eliciens liquidum tenui sudore venenum ?

Captivas do sponte manus, *αεροντι γε θυμω.*

O quam tarda fluunt ingrataque tædia lecti,

Dum mihi nescio quæ terrorum monstra resurgunt,

Atque oculis animoque negant inimica quietem ?

Jam pavidas tinnire aures, & tempora circum

Tristia turbato geminari murmura pulsu.

Illuc irrequietus & illuc volvor ; at idem

Hæret ubique dolor : vitiatas febris adurit

Ignem malo fauces — O quis pomacea vina

Afferet, & largo sitientem proluet haustu ?

Interea vigiles sensus volitantibus umbris

Somnia deludunt ; variâ sub imagine Morpheus

Lascivit gravidi stupidum per inane cerebri,

Multaque per pictum transcurrit pompa theatrum.

Tu quoque nostrorum sermonum, candide judex,

Tu quoque nugantis aderas pars parva catervæ.

— Hei mihi ! tanquam hæc sint nostri medicina doloris ?

Vive, vale, tibi sincera pietate salutem,

Quam mihi fata negant, ægrotus & integer opto.

Non est vivere sed valere vita.

Ægrotantis desideria
Ad SALUTEM.

Dulce Solamen pereuntis ævi,
O SALUS, vultu roseo decora,
Blandulum ridens viridis perenni
 Flore juventæ,
Vita vitalis mea, Te fugacem
Anxius quæro; sine Te superstes
Heu mihi pars parva moror, cadaver
 Flebile spirans,
Heu mihi dispar Ego discolorque:
Torpet effæto mihi sensus omnis,
Non adhuc servant generosa notum
 Vina saporem:
Ah viret frustra, mihi suave frustra
Hortulus spirat: FARINELLUS ipse
Diffonum stridens male delicatam
 Vulnerat aurem.
Debilis furtim senii malignum
Frigus obrepit, melioris ævi
Flos abit tecum; subeunt tenebræ, &
 Mortis imago.
O redi vitæ geniale lumen!
Leniens mordacis acuta morbi,

Ὁς κατὰ σφυχῶν καὶ ἐς ὄστρον με

Ἀχρεῖς ἰατρῆι!

Redde camporum per aperta cursus
 Liberos, hautumque salubris auræ :
 Redde subjectum Thamefin volante
 Stringere remo.

Te latus quassans Jocus, & Cupido
 Nequiter ludens, Charitesque mille,
 Mille te circum spatiantur aureis
 Gaudia pennis :

Te juvat clamor, validusque lusus,
 Te vigor plantæ meditans choream, &
 Acer obliquum jaculantis ictum
 Fulgor ocelli :

Te manus plausu resonans secundo,
 Te Quies duro resupina lecto, &
 Læta Paupertas, humerisque densum
 Robur agreste :

Spirat æterni tibi veris aura ;
 Lætius soles tibi, Diva, fulgent,
 Pulchra suffuso tibi Virgo ridet
 Pulchrior ore.

Erigit lassum caput Ægritudo,
 Ridet invito Dolor ipse vultu,
 En tibi exultat Senium renato
 Fortius ævo!

Vita vitalis mea, te fugacem
 Invidus multa prece, te querelis
 Persequor, quæcunque latens tenes se-
 creta locorum,
 Seu colis fontes liquidi calentes
 Sulphuris flammâ, Dryadumvè gaudes
 Dicier Regina PERUVIANÆ
 Incola sylvæ,

Sive CHELSEI O residens in horto

Ebibis succos animasque florum,

Sive stillantem Chymico liquorem

Decoquis igne, —

Te per Herbarum sequar Igniumque

Devios tractus. Mihi me redona

Sospitem, gaudere jubens fruique,

Quod datur, ævo.

Dona Fortunæ minus invidenda

Auferat Dives, — simul & podagram,

Splendide infelix: Ego Te, dolorum

Suave levamen,

Te voluptatum generosa Natrix,

Pauperem pauper sine dote quæro:

O SALUS adsis & inempta semper

Rite vocanti.

Conjugi morituræ assistens o Deiva animi
ægritudinem in hæc carmina effudit.

v. p. 10.

Suave rubens nitido mihi Persica malus in horto,

Multa fronde virens & multo floris honore

Læta, diu viguit: laudat Vertumnus amatque

Dulce decus, Pomona, tuum, & spæ gaudet inani

Promissos numerans fætus, sobolemque futuram.

Ecce repentino penetrabilis ingruit icu

Eurus, Tartareoque afflavit membra veneno:

Ilicet omnis abit laudatæ gratia formæ!

Infelix

Infelix arbos, vitæque oblita prioris,
 Languida jam moriensque, caducos plorat honores,
 Arentes fibras femiustaque frigore membra.
 Sic Te dulce meum decus, o FRANCESCULA, sic Te
 De cælo tactam rapit inclementia fati:
 Te præmaturæ frigus lethale senectæ
 Invadit, mediamque sinistro dividit ictu.
 * Ah vegetos fætus rediviva resuscitat æstas;
 Atque manu medicâ succisa repullulat arbos,
 Miratura novas frondes seramque senectam:

v. Job. cap. 14. ———

* Αι! αι! ται μαλαχαι μεν, επαν κρατα καρπον ολωνται,
 Η τα χλωρα σελινα, το τ' ευθαλες ελον ανηθηε,
 Υπερον αυ ζωνοπι, και εις ετος αλλο φρουπι
 Αιμμες δ', οι μεγαλοι και καρτεροι η σοφοι ανδρες,
 Οπποτε παρωτα θανωμεις, αναθηροι εν χθονι κηλια
 Ευδομεις εν μαλα μακρον ατερμονα νηρευτων ωπνον
 — Και συ μεν εν σιγα πεπυκησμεν εσομαι εν γα ———

E Mosch. epitaph. Bionis.

Sententiam hanc elegantissime illustravit Cl. Fortinus Luf. poet.

Hei mihi! lege ratâ sol occidit, atque resurgit,
 Lunaque mutatæ reparat dispendia formæ:
 Astraque, purpurei telis extincta diei,
 Rursus nocte vigent: humiles telluris alumni,
 Graminis herba virens & florum picta propago,
 Quos crudelis hyems letali tæbe peredit,
 Cum Zephyri vox blanda vocat, rediitque sereni
 Temperies anni, fæcundo è cespite surgunt.
 Nos, Domini rerum, nos magna & pulchra minati,
 Cum breve ver vitæ robustaque transiit ætas,
 Deficimus, nec nos ordo revolubilis auras
 Reddit in æthereas, tumuli neque claustra resolvit.

At

At Te semianimem mihi nulla refuscitat æstas,
Inspirans vegetum labefacta per ossa calorem!

Eheu! quam luteus macilento pallor in ore
Flavescit, dubioque natant tibi lumina fomno!
Illa olim lasciva, & multi conscia risus,
Hei mihi in æternam clauduntur lumina noctem!

O ubi vivida vis, & diæ mentis acumen,
Ingenuusque lepor, *χαριτων μιαν*, tota merum sal!
Illa arguta, faceta, volubilis ore rotundo,
Lingua repentino torpet constricta veterno,
Quam sibi dissimilis? balbæque infantia vocis
Effæti prodit deliria vana cerebri.

En oppressa jacet divinæ particula auræ,
Nervorumque ministeriis orbata fatiscit:
Vis agit interea miros Phantastica lusus,
Ludibrium ventorum, excusso cymba magistro,
Fluctuat, & varia sectatur imagine nugas.

Jam primo, *FRANCESCA*, tibi stupor infidet altus;
Heu consanguineus lethi stupor omnia tractim
Obrepens hebetat gelido sensoria tactu.
Agnosco lentæ necis omina conscius auspex,
Præcipiensque animo longe ventura peregi.
— Heu miseranda jaces, exangui mole cadaver
Flebiliter spirans! o amans, o amabilis Uxor
Æternum, *FRANCESCA*, vale! —

Quod superest, fugientem animam mihi velle videbar
Fidâ mente sequi noctis per opaca profundæ,
Et procul ignoti metuenda silentia mundi.
Sed mihi nescio quæ prærupta vorago sequenti
Obsistit, circum caliginis obruit horror
Sollicito vanas agitantem pectore curas.

— ἀλλ' ἀτεχνῶς ἀλοπον τι μοι παῖδος παρῶν καὶ τὴς
 αἰθῆς κρασις, ἀπο τῆς ἡδονῆς συγκεκραμένη ὄμῃ καὶ τῆς
 λυπῆς, ἐνθυμούμενῳ ὅτι αὐτὶκα ἐκεῖνος ἐμελλε τελευτᾶν
 καὶ πάντες οἱ παρόντες χεδόν τι τῷ δὲ διεκρίμεθα, ὡστε
 μὲν γελῶντες, ἐνίοτε δὲ δακρυοντες.

Plat. Phæd.

To a Dying Friend.

GOD's will be done! yet, gentle friend, forgive
 A foolish tenderness which bids me grieve;
 O well prepar'd to die! O fitter still to live!
 I fain wou'd come to take my last farewell:
 But can I speak th' anxieties I feel?
 What a dread point? — it sets my thoughts at strife,
 This pause 'twixt mortal and immortal life:
 An *Isthmus* 'twixt the known and unknown seas;
 Where the two worlds at once thy soul surveys,
 The streights of mortal life behind — before —
 The ocean of eternity, which knows no shore.

Teach me to live and die; like thee serene
 And unappall'd to view th' amazing scene:
 With thee on verge of life, thy *Pisgab*, stand
 At nearer distance from the promis'd land:

Look

Look down with scorn upon this earthly Ball:
 Where now is all, which good or great we call?
All all is vanity, vexation all!

Our wisdom folly, and our pleasure pain:
 Thy sweetest Musick too, my friend, is vain.
 I hear the Royal Preacher, and with shame
 Reflect on what I do, and what I am.

More happy Thou in th' evening of thy day,
 Refin'd by sickness, strengthen'd by decay.

Death is become familiar to thy sight:

Its horrors vanish at the dawn of light.

A Christian's life is daily thus to die:

This the soul's triumph o'er mortality.

Who then shou'd grieve? yet grieve I must, as man,
David bewail'd the fall of *Jonathan*.

A sorrowfull complacency it is

To count what once we lov'd, what now we miss.

I'll sooth my grief, and write thy Epitaph: —

O may'st thou read it some years hence — and laugh!

Enjoy th' instructive praise: and think the man,

Who died so honour'd, shou'd not live in vain.

Tis something like self-love to praise a friend;

Thus in thy merit I my own commend.

Thy Youth at once fair fruit and blossoms bore,

Much in possession, in expectance more;

Our *Oxford* joy'd to see such goodness thrive.

O for her sake may thy example live!

A blameless life with many a virtue crown'd,

But chiefly that, which all the rest disown'd:

Candid,

Candid, sincere, and gay without offence,
 With old man's wisdom, the child's innocence,
 True Piety, which sham'd the Methodist's pretence.

Be this thy praise: I tell thee what thou art:
 Thus I speak comfort to thy pensive heart.
 Can'st thou the view of thy past life enjoy?
 Then hast thou liv'd a good old age, my Boy:
 Then fearless wait the summons of thy Lord:
 O faithful servant, great is thy reward!

Χαιρε μοι, ω Πατροκλε, και εν αιδαο δομοισι
 ου τευ εγω ζωντος ακηδης, εδε θανοντος.

To a Friend at *Bath*.

To Health.

Life of this mortal life, all-cheering Health,
 Thou spring eternal through the wintry year,
 Thou sunshine through this little world of Man:
 Or hear'st thou rather, jolly Mountain-Nymph,
 Daughter of Temperance and Fortitude,
 With rosy-tinctur'd cheek and sparkling eye,
 Immortal youth and never fading bloom?
 Sole friend of poverty, unbrib'd by wealth,
 Mysterious Guest! when present, scarce perceiv'd,
 When lost, most valued: then in vain recall'd

With sacrifice of many a prayer, and Fee:
 Hither O come with vigorous graceful step,
 Lead up the merry dance, and with thee bring
 The Queen of Loves and all her sportive train,
 The gay Desire, which brightens *Hebe's* eye,
 The sanguine joy-anticipating Hope,
 The gentle Smile which smooths the brow of Care,
 The rapt'rous Song, and laugh-provoking Jest,
 And all the pretty wiles of heart-dilating Mirth.

Where is thy residence, coy fugitive,
 O long in vain with weary search explor'd
 Through every element, in every clime?
 Or where *Montpelier* calls thee forth to bask
 In warmer suns, and breathe a purer air:
 Or where thou fittest hid from vulgar sight
 Enwrapt in common matter, gross disguise,
 Till gentle torture of th' Alchymick fire
 Leaves the dull mass behind, and bids thee rise
 Spirit refin'd, elaborate quintessence:

Or choolest thou the vegetable world
 Of Plants and Herbs, where *Galen* led the way;
 Where erst the wily sons of *Loyola*
 Found thee enshrined in *Peruvian* groves,
 Supreme of *Dryads*?

Or rather, where through subterraneous ways
 In heat-engendring conflict wondrous streams
 Smoke from the boiling Fount, where thou enthron'd,
 Sulphureous *Naid*, in the liquid heat
 Breathest around vitality and joy.
 Here in thy temple of *Thermopolis*,
 Amidst the trophies of mortality,

Receive my votive tablet fair-inscrib'd,
This for Francesca to life-giving Health.

O, not in vain invoc'd, if now thy sp'rit,
 Through the warm fluid vehicle transfus'd,
 Can reinvigorate the nerve-strung frame,
 If the great humble mind and generous hand,
 Secret and silent as nocturnal dew,
 Distilling fatness on the far spent soil,
 If modest worth e'er merited regard, —
 Preserve my friend: restore him to himself;
 Raise the dejected head, and bid him smile,
 And say, in all magnificence of glee,
 Methinks I'm *handsome*, and I've liv'd to day.
 Preserve that voice, which best can speak thy worth,
 Or soothing pain suspend the sickening hour; —
 That voice, which, when the dedicated bowl
 Pours the libation to preserving *Jove*;
 Shall animate our mirth. Thrice welcome Guest,
 Mix thou his draught, allume the rosy cheek,
 Swell the bold note, and with applause enjoy
 The well sung praise, and love thyself in Him.

Ψυχῆς Ἰατρειὸν.

Instructive Pain! thou med'cine of the soul,
 Kind cruel monitor! I hear thy voice.
 Perswasive terrors! — now the Prodigal
 Repentant homeward to himself returns:

I recollect my dissipated thoughts,
And feel my mortal and immortal Being.

O sanguine Health, mother of jollity,
Thou flattering sunshine of our cloudy days,
Gilding the face of care, misled by thee
How have I stray'd along the flowry paths
Of pleasing folly, in amusements vain
Bewilder'd, and excentrick to myself?

Presumptuous Health, time-wasting Prodigal,
Bold menacer, bankrupt in promises,
Thou traitor to thyself, self murtherer,
Thou *Uliſſean* swine intoxicate
With the *Circean* cup of brutal joy!

— And is this happiness? — tis madness all:
Folly thy wit, thy pleasure vanity,
Thy mirth vexation. — See with sure slow pace
A Magdalene, with selfcondemning look,
And scourge of chastisement, comes Penitence,
Handmaid of wisdom, hight *Sophrosyne*;
Sage Mistress, who, recluse from vulgar ken,
Shuns noise and sport, and in pure intellect
Surveys the unbodied forms of True and Good,
And in just balance weighs the moral world.

Thee, Royal Preacher, her degenerate son,
She plucking by the Ear from moral death
Reclaim'd, and many a golden lesson taught;
Taught thee to know thyself, to know the world,
Know *all is vanity, vexation all.*

O favorite child of Nature, Fortune, Grace,
Let *Sheba's* Queen admire thy regal pomp,
And Fame extoll thy philosophick wit;

But

But let me praise thy heav'n-enlighten'd mind
 In the contempt of greatness truly great :
 O not in all thy glory so rever'd,
 As in this solemn penitential state,
 This triumph of thy reason over sense,
 O *Solomon*, now wisest of the wise !
 Dear-bought experience spōke th' important truth,
 Which now *afflictive Pain in sickening hour
 Afresh inculcates on th' awaken'd mind,
 And bids me feel conviction ; and with thee,

* The following verses are taken out of Sr J. *Davie's* poem on the immortality of the Soul, written in 1592, dedicated to Q. ELIZABETH.

Yet if Affliction once her wars begin,
 And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
 The Mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
 And to herself she gladly doth retire.
 As Spiders touch'd seek the Webs inmost part :
 As Bees in storms back to their hives return :
 As blood in danger gathers to the heart :
 As men seek towns when foes the country burn.
 If ought can teach us ought, Affliction's looks,
 Making us pry into ourselves so near,
 Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
 Or all the learned schools that ever were.
 This Mistress lately pluck'd me by the Ear,
 And many a golden lesson hath me taught :
 Hath made my Senses quick, and Reason clear,
 Reform'd my Will, and rectified my thought.
 So do the storms and thunders purge the air :
 So working seas fettle and purge the wine :
 So lopp'd and pruned trees reffourish fair :
 So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither

O Royal Preacher, search for truths divine,
And Proverbs in example realiz'd:

Look down on human life, a motly scene,
Solemn impertinence, a waking dream,
And all our cares, all, but Religion, vain!

O may that spirit correct my wandring sense,
Reform the brute and reinstate the man,
In all the dignity of intellect,
And teach me wisdom! to my reason-eye,
As in prismatick glafs, distinctly shew
The pure unblended forms of Good and Ill,
Stript of the gay confusion which deludes
Th' unwary sight. Teach me to look on life

Neither *Minerva*, nor the learned Muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the Wise,
Cou'd in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this Dame's angry eyes.
She within lifts my ranging mind has brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go:
Myself am center of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn and know.
I know my Body of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within may kill:
I know the heavenly temper of my Mind:
But tis corrupted both in wit and will.
I know my Soul has power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.
I know my life's a pain, and but a span:
I know my sense is mock'd in every thing;
And to conclude, I know myself a Man,
Which is a vain, and yet a wretched thing.

With a true Christian philosophick view ;
With shame and wonder mark the vain pursuits,
The devious hurry of the toilsome chace,
Which self-deceiving people Business call.
Strange irony! think, o immortal man,
Pilgrim on earth, and denizon of heaven,
What is the business of this mortal life ;
Tis for eternity. — dread pleasing hope,
Awfull anxiety possess thy soul,
And make thee serious! — hence then, trifling cares,
And thou, my fair deluder, *Phantasy*,
Air-fed *Camæleon*, colour-changing monster,
I'll mock thee in my turn: vain *Phantasy*,
Hence thou gay Folly to some female brain,
There fluttering triumph in thy native seat,
Sing in the ear, or ogle in the eye,
Plait the *French* head, and form the various dress,
Bid each distorted feature look a charm,
Create a *Venus* with her roguish Boy,
Or trip it o'er enchanted Fairy-ground,
Fruitfull of wonders, sadly pleasing woes,
Distressed Damsels, and advent'rous Knights.

Thou idly busied curious Butterfly,
Coquetting visiter, with wanton choice
Roving from flower to flower, (o fruitless search
To view the Plant, yet leave th' untasted sweets!)

What joy to flutter in the midday sun,
Proud of new livery and admiring eyes?
What triumph to contemn the busy Bee,
Homebred, plebeian, trading animal?
But see the lowering sky and rainy cloud!

Alas! where's now thy shortliv'd glory flown?
 Thy life, the sunshine of a summer's hour:
 Contemptible, unpitied in decay,
 By birth a maggot, and in death a moth:
 Candle-light guest; some worn out Beauty's shade,
 That in th' extreme of life with trembling wing
 Still hovers round the bright-ascending taper,
 Coquetting, still pursuing as she flies, —
 And in th' embraces of her flame expires.

Such are the pleasures of Imagination!
 The sport of Fancy! while Reflexion sleeps,
 And the fond mind in brutal sense is lost,
 Forgetfull of its self, and life's true end;
 Lull'd into pleasing ruin by the voice
 The Siren voice of Pleasure, Fairy-Queen,
 Enchantress of the world: who holds her Court
 In Town, and Country, Theaters, and Groves,
 Vaux-hall, and Ranelagh; where merry fools
 Frolick and laugh, unconscious of their fate.

O rather come, rigid *Sophrosyne*,
 Mistress of penitential discipline,
 With frowning aspect, and reflected eye,
 Come reinvigorate the mental powers;
 And speak thy lesson to my purged ear,
 A lesson, sweeter than the Siren's song;
 Refine my thoughts and lift the soul to heaven;
 O shew me to myself, shew what is life,
 A wise man's life — tis studying how to die.

F I N I S.

